

" If then he fails to act his Part,
 " And shews a Coward's fearful Heart,
 " What else remains?—He ought to die:
 " An open Foe to Liberty"

Immediately, (methought 'twas true)
 A lofty Scaffold, rose to View,
 Hung round with black, a mournful Scene,
 On which a fable-suited Train,
 With Implements of Death, await
 The T——, and the Coward's Fate.
 Anon, he comes in deep Dispair,
 And, shrieking, rends the ambient Air;
 Nor Death in any Shape can bear:
 Now traverses the Scaffold round,
 As sunk in Horror's Depth profound;
 Then struck, as with a sudden Shock,
 He views the Coffin, then the Block;
 Feels on the Axe with streaming Eyes,
 And then the dreadful Block he tries:
 Then rising slowly from the Floor,
 And traverses the Stage once more.

At length composed, he thus bespoke,
 " Ye Britons, who behold the Stroke,
 " If any in this spacious Ring
 " Should serve your Country or your King,
 " Them faithful serve—to them be true:
 " Make that the glorious Point in View,
 " Then may you happy live, and see
 " Yourselves belov'd, and Country free,
 " Be warn'd by my untimely Fate,
 " Nor vainly think yourselves too great,
 " When public Justice claims the Debt."

Then on the Block himself he threw;
 The Attendants strait awhile withdrew.
 " Kind Heaven, (he cry'd) O take me hence,
 " Since Earth won't pardon my Offence!"
 The Signal dropt—aloft on Air
 Now hung the Axe, with horrid Glare:
 When lo! descended from above,
 (Array'd in Tendernefs and Love)
 Sweet Mercy, Pity's only Child,
 Whose Arm the impending Axe with-held,
 " Forbear, she cry'd, for once forbear,
 " Nor grudge a D——T's Blood to spare.

This said, I 'woke, and found the Theme
 Was nothing but an idle Dream.

M. Couper 1718

Yarhell's-Kitchen:
OR, THE ^{11602.4.15}
DOGS
OF
EGYPT.

An Heroic
POEM.

Ω Κιῶες

μοὶ καταλύετε οἶκον, ^{very}
Δρυῶν δὲ Γυναιξὶ παρδυνάζεσθε βιαίως, ^{M. Prior.}
αὐτὰρ τε ζῶντι ὑπερμνάαδε Γυνῆρα,
οὔτε Θεὸς δέσποινες, οἳ ἄρα νὺν εὐρεῖν ἔχουσιν,
οὔτε τιν' ἀνθρώπων νέμεσιν κατόπιον ἔδεσθε,
οἷῳ ὑμῶν καὶ πᾶσιν ὀλέθρος αἰετὶ ἐφῆπται. Homer.

—Civis Canis Hostis. *Propria quæ maribus*

—Till they're understood, all Tales
(like Nonsense) are not true nor false. Hud.

L O N D O N:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the
K between the Two Temple Gates
str. MDCCXIII

Yarhells-Kitchen:

OR THE

D O G S

O F

E G Y P T.

An Heroic

P O E M.



Accepted for the Bodleian Library, Oxford, 18th Decr 1822.

By the Librarian, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

On the 18th Decr 1822, the following books were received.

On the 18th Decr 1822, the following books were received.

On the 18th Decr 1822, the following books were received.

On the 18th Decr 1822, the following books were received.

On the 18th Decr 1822, the following books were received.

On the 18th Decr 1822, the following books were received.

ON THE

Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Old

and new booksellers, in the Strand.

LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

I Am the Bard; who whilom did rehearse
Pathetick Tales of Love, in humble Verse;
Who solemn Hymns compos'd for Raree Shows;
And Ghosts and Goblins feign'd in tuneful Prose:
Who oft have made judicious Mobs rejoice,
Attentive to the Ragged Siren's Voice:
Works grateful unto Hawking Dames. -----
But now the MUSE bids strike a higher String,
In peerless Numbers now — Arms, and the Man I sing.

Beset with Thorns a dark tremendous Way,
O'er-hung by Mountains, undermin'd by Sea,
In winding Lab'rINThs cut thro' craggy Stones,
Pav'd with hard mouldy Crusts, and human Bones,
Leads to a verdant Grove, and spacious Plain,
Where Birds melodious, and the merry Swain
Or loudly whistle, or divinely sing,
And seem to form an everlasting Spring.
There thatch'd without, supported well within,
By brazen Dorick Pillars may be seen

PROLOGUE.

*A stately Kitchen, where a Kennel stood,
Whose Yards, adjacent Scullions fair Abode,
Now flow with Milk, which while are flow'd with
Blood.*

*But by what Art this Edifice was built,
By whom the Blood was shed, the Milk was spilt ;
How lusty Gammons were in Coppers boil'd,
Which once with rotten Horse-Flesh were defil'd ;
How plenteous Cups smil'd without Guile, or Froth,
And how the Land was sav'd by Mutton Broth ;
Shall without Dash, or Figure here be told,
Tho' Owls hoot round me, and my Dame shou'd scold ;
Tho' Cats with sawcer Eyes, and forked Tongues,
And Mohocks without Heads forbid the Songs.
Fearless the Owls I'll face, the Shrew I'll tame,
With sharpen'd Pen the dreadful Cats I'll lame,
And make the very Mohocks change their Name.*

YARHELL's

Bacon, and Beef plain Pudding, and red Veal
 Stuffed, boiled, or roasted, and each Meat

Attended by brown Bread, and brown Ale.
 Their numerous Years did gently glide away.

KITCHEN:

OR, THE

DOGS

OF

EGYPT.

~~Guided by Ghosts of dire prophetic Day~~

Who wanted fresh Sausages, and larger Bogs.
CANTO I.

He came, he saw, and conquer'd with a Frown,

IN ancient Times, and long before the Flood,

When Jews were honest, and cou'd feast on Blood;

E'er that the Tower of *Babel* was begun,

When Men knew Fish from Flesh, and Bricks from

Stone,

And all the People of the Earth was One;

Our Fathers liv'd in little Huts, like Hives,

By strong and wholesome Food prolong'd their Lives,

And sav'd their Souls, because they kiss'd their Wives:

They slept, and wak'd, and pray'd, and play'd, and eat,

And never knew the Want of Health or Meat:

Bacon, and Beef, plain Pudding, and red Veal,
~~Bak'd, boil'd, or roasted furnish'd out each Meal,~~
 Attended by brown Bread, and browner Ale.
 Their num'rous Years did gently glide away,
 Till on a Time (e'er's'd be the fatal Day!)
 When all the Island Clocks struck four Times Four,
 And Jack-in-Lanterns danc'd on ev'ry Shore,
 (Portentous Omen!) and the very Fish did roar:
 A Glorious Monster did invade this Isle,
 Form'd by the Sun-Beams of the Slime of Nile,
 With Iron-Teeth, and Eyes that darted Fire,
 And a Proboscis resembling Sarum's Spire,
 Fitted to snuff the Moon, or nuzzle in the Mire:
~~Guarded by Shoals of dire amphibious Dogs,~~
 Who wanted fresher Streams, and larger Bogs.
 He came, he saw, and conquer'd with a Frown,
 Turn'd all Things inside out, and upside down,
 And of a Pair of Prowzers made a Crown.
 First he oppress'd by gentle Means and Ways,
 And only rul'd as Heroes now-a-days,
 Retrench'd the needless Equipage of Meals,
 Turn'd Footmen into Frogs, and seiz'd their Vails;
 Prohibited the Use of Knives and Forks,
 And made Folks stop their Bottles without Corks:
 Ordain'd that none shou'd brew with Hops and Malt,
 Eat Veal, or Wheaten-Bread, or Milk, or Salt.

While thus tyrannically Mild he reign'd,
 All Men were passive, and but few complain'd:
 But when his *Monstrous* Nature did appear,
 All the then Princes of the Earth and Air,
 By his enormous matchless Deeds out-done,
 Astonish'd, confess'd the Weakness of their own.
 By novel Laws he punish'd all with Death,
 Who but presum'd to eat, or sleep, or breathe;
 Get Children on their Wives, inter their Dead,
 Or walk'd on both their Legs, or wore an Head;
 Usurp'd the Royal Power that gave him Birth,
 And while the Sun he rival'd, curs'd the Earth:
 (Thus Frogs with Lions, Glow-Worms with a Star,
 And Fritters may with *Ono* Pies compare.)
 He intercepted ev'ry kindly Ray,
 And by th' Expansion of his Snout obscur'd the Day.
 The God despis'd, withdrew his genial Heat,
 And *Britains* wanted Light, as well as Meat.
 No longer now their fertile Soil was till'd,
 No more their Fats, their Pots, and Wombs were
 fill'd,
 But those the *Monster* spar'd, the Famine kill'd.
 Long did the ravag'd *Isle* deplore her Fate,
 And helpless sunk beneath th' unequal Weight:
 When there arose, inspir'd with Martial Flame,
 (May a red-letter'd Day preserve his Name!)

An *Hero* of the *Bucephalian* Race,
 Pamper'd with Oats, sweet Hay, or freshest Grass,
 Who, manag'd well, had learn'd each warlike Pace:
 Resolving to be free, or better mann'd,
 And with one Blow redeem his Native Land,
 With Blades of Grass temper'd by Magick Art,
 He broke the *Monster's* Ribs, and pierc'd his Heart.
 He fell: The Fabrick of the Island shook,
 Flies were seen flutt'ring, Ravens heard to croak;
 Conies their Boroughs left, wild Ducks were drown'd,
 And Moles, and Foxes ran above the Ground.
 The Sun, who from his cursed Offspring fled,
 When living, dignify'd the *Monstrous* Dead;
 Transform'd his Snout into a Comet's Tail,
 Harden'd his Skin into a Coat of Mail;
 His Hair made Halters, and his Eyes Bon-fires;
 His Teeth were Bodkins, or else ----- Giants Spears.
 His Carcass made a Ship, his Scull a Drum,
 His Guts Red-Herrings, and his Blood was Mum;
 To lofty *Pyramids* he chang'd his Legs,
 His A--- to Whirlwinds, and his ----- to addled Eggs.

CANTO

CANTO II.

AND now while *Britains*, void of pensive Cares,
 Exulting were about to say their Prayers;
 Pronouncing *Aufan's* Death their greatest Good,
 The Restoration of their Peace and Food;
 Extolling him, by whom the Deed was done,
 And wisely Voting to recall the *Sun*:
 Aghast they heard a sudden uncouth Noise,
 (How frail is Man, how fleeting are his Joys!)
 Shrill Horns, loud Drums, infernal Trumpets Sounds,
 Proclaim'd a dire Triumvirate of *Hounds*.
Haman the first, the tallest of the Three,
 Bred in the Dust, was once a roving *Flea*:
 Suck'd between Womens Thighs their sweetest
 Blood
 Supply'd his daily Lust, and daily Food:
 From which thro' various Changes he became
 A *Jackall*, and so well pursu'd the Game,
 That all his Fellow-Brutes rever'd his Name;
 Flush'd with Success an happy Life he led,
 From Dangers screen'd, with choicest Offals fed;
 Till he ingrate! by base Desertion starv'd
 The *Royal* Loving *Lion*, whom he serv'd.
 By this unprecedented Glorious Crime,
 He gain'd his Predecessor's just Esteem,

Who chang'd his Species by his last Decree,
 And thus ennobl'd, he commenc'd an *Hound* of Prey.
Touni the next, fam'd for his hideous Cry,
 Five Heads, five hundred Legs, and but one Eye;
Satan's First-born was early spawn'd in *Hell*,
 The very Day the *Rebel-Angels* fell:
 There he had learn'd a thousand Tricks of State,
 Slept, waking, and with wondrous Love cou'd hate,
 And even puzzle the Decrees of Fate,
 He cou'd cause Winds to whistle, Wood to squeak;
 He cou'd make Women dumb, and Statues speak;
 And might be heard from *Ganges* to the *Peak*.
 Transform'd he oft assum'd a different Shape,
 And seem'd an *Hog*, an *Horse-shoe*, or an *Ape*.
Onnab the Third, an *Hound* of muckle Might,
 Roar'd like a Northern Boar, but cou'd not bite:
 Yet being the *Chieftain* of a num'rous *Clan*
 Of *Dogs*, th' unfeigned Enemies of *Man*;
 He was address'd to share the Sov'reign Power,
 And as they prosper'd, tooth'd with Hopes of more.
 First to approve their Strength, they scourg'd the
Main:
 Then built a *Kennel* in the *Sacred Plain*.
 (To screen their Murders, and conceal their Lusts)
 Encompass'd with a Wall of Skulls, and Crusts,
 Of Iron Bricks red-hot, and Boots of Wood,
 Cemented with their native Slime, and human Blood.
 They

With Rumps exalted they reviv'd the CAUSE,
 With solemn Howls, and by expanded Paws,
 Deified *Ausan*, and confirm'd his Laws;
 Forbid th' unnecessary Use of Meat,
 Proscrib'd or Friends, or Foes that dar'd to eat.
Britains, half-starv'd, once more their Huts for-
 look!
 The last was *Farbell* the Illustrious Cook;
 Who twice escap'd from *Touni's* dreadful Jaws,
 Twice from between rapacious *Haman's* Claws.
 To Mountains inaccessible he pass'd,
 Now fed on Roots, and now with Goats he graz'd;
 Where forty Moons unmindful of his Pain,
 He liv'd in Air; yet did not live in vain;
 But studious of his Country's Good observ'd,
 How Insects were created, how preserv'd:
 He knew the Day, that Swallows took their Flight,
 Why Earth was heavy, and why Air was light,
 Why fairest Mushrooms ripen'd in a Night.
 By the near Influence of the pale-fac'd Moon,
 He learn'd the various Uses of a Spoon,
 To dine at Mid-night, and to sup at Noon.
 But still a greater Act transmits his Praise
 To later Times, and long succeeding Days:
 With nicest Care, and strong elab'rate Thought,
 (Stupendous Work of many Years!) he wrought,

Diagonally

Diagonally cap'd, a seamless *Gloak*
 Out of the subtle Particles of Smoak,
 Collected from the Fire, which boil'd his Roots,
 Well sublimate, and thirty Months stopp'd close
 in Boots:

'Twas interwoven with a viscous Thread,
 Tenacious of the Thing, on which 'twas spread,
 Spun from the Quintessence of Spiders Brains,
 Dipp'd in the Yolk of *Phoenix* Eggs, and Foam of
 Cranes.

In which envelop'd, he cou'd pass unseen,
 (Unscented too) thro' Packs of *Dogs*, and Crowds
 of *Men*:

Even to Eagle's Eyes, but seem'd a proud
Aspiring Shadow, or descending Cloud.

And now to th' Royal Kennel he repair'd,
 And thus equipt securely pass'd the Guard;
 Into the inmost Cell he slyly stole,
 And thus heard *Touni* open with a previous Howl.

" Most High and Mighty Curs, -----

" Why are you *impulregafix'd* with Dregs?

" Sharpen your Claws, while I extend my Legs.

" Dissolve the Basis, and unhinge the *Isle*;

" And drown the *Thames* his Waters in the *Nile*.

" Remove the Soil to *Egypt's* slimy Strand,

" And by a *Coalition* make one Land.

" Cause *Men* to quit the Shapes of human Logs,

" Warm'd by our Sun-Beams, and improv'd to *Dogs*.

" Then

- " Then they'll submit to arbitrary Sway,
 " And passive Us superiour Animals obey.
 He spake: Thrice *Haman* bark'd, and tofs'd his Head,
 Thrice shook his rueful Mane, and thus reply'd:
 " *Touni*, by whom our Empire first began,
 " Are you degen'rate reconcil'd to *Man*?
 " Shou'd we complete the Union you propose,
 " We blast our Race, as we exalt our Foes.
 " *Hounds* shall no more boast their untainted Blood,
 " But mixt with *Men*, produce a mungrel Brood,
 " And walk erect, and eat forbidden Food;
 " Cease to be cruel, to their Intrest blind,
 " And civiliz'd will imitate Mankind;
 " Careless of Scents despise each grateful Stink,
 " And in another Generation learn to *Think*.
 " No! let this Project fall, and if you'll be
 " Kind to yourselves, and once advis'd by me,
 " With Heaps of *Men* we'll make a gen'ral Fire,
 " (Sapless in crackling Flames they'll soon expire)
 " Level the Hills, destroy each fertile Tree,
 " Undamn the *Isle*, and purge her in the Sea:
 " And then replant her with our Kindred *Hounds*,
 " Drawn from the *Nile*, and neighb'ring boggy
 O T W Grounds:
 " Thus we shall 'stablish, and encrease our Power;
 " For we must be ador'd, to reign secure.

When *Tarbell* heard *Dog Haman's* dire Intent,
 Tho' *Onnab* had not spoke, he fear'd th' Event ;
 And wisely interrupted the Debate,
 Spreading his *Cloak* about them, as they fate,
 Caught 'em, as Men catch Fishes in a Net.

They foam'd, and roar'd, and tumbled on the
 Ground,

The more they strove, the faster they were bound.

So the Clown *Vulcan* baulk'd his lovely Spouse,

While she was lab'ring to adorn his Brows.

So heedless Wasps their Lives inglorious end,

Entangled in the Webs they strive to rend.

* * * * *

They struggl'd long: When they had spent their
 Rage,

He coop'd the yelping *Caitiffs* in an Iron Cage.

Kind to yourselves, and once advised by me,
 With Heaps of Men well make a general Fire,
 (Saples in crackling Flames they'll soon expire)

Level the Hills, destroy each fertile Tree,
 Undamn the Sea, and purge her in the Sea;
 And then replant her with our Kindred Slaves,
 Drawn from the Wile, and neighbouring boggy

O T N A C
 Thus we shall flourish, and increase our Power;
 For we must be ador'd, to reign secure.

CANTO III.

AND now the Nation rais'd its drooping Head,
And wholesome Food apply'd reviv'd the
Dead:

The *Tut'lar Genius* repossest'd his *Isle*;
And *Golden Showers* refresh'd the thirsty Soil.
Planets of Aspect unbenign withdrew;
The smiling *Plain* display'd its Native Hue,
And tasteless *Musbrooms* into *Melons* grew.
Tarbell demolish'd the infernal Walls,
And built a Kitchen large as modern Halls;
Rais'd a wide Chimney, Oven, and double Stove;
Taught Dogs in Wheels incessantly to move:
With frugal Care appointed Horns, and Cans;
Restor'd the Use of Kettles, Spits, and Pans:
Of Rubbing-Posts made Dressers, and Joint-Stools;
And turn'd the Troughs into capacious Bowls.
The joyous *Cooks* did roast, and stew, and fry;
Some boil'd a Pudding, others bak'd a Pye;
The grateful Odours circled to the Sky.
Scullions rejoic'd unpinch'd by *Fairy Elf*;
While brightest Dishes shone on ev'ry Shelf.
The Grates were daily scour'd, the Hearth was swept;
And tuneful *Crickets* into Crannies crept;
And all Things were in decent Order kept.

And

And now to consecrate their happy Seat,
 And taste the Sweets of Liberty and Meat ;
Farbell proclaim'd, and made a solemn Feast,
 Where ev'ry *Britain* was a welcome Guest ;
 Where there was Plenty of Provisions, and the best.
Gammans came stript, or in their Coats of Mail,
 Guarded by *Capons*, or bedeck'd with *Cale*.
 In Lakes of *Broth* *Sheep* of the first Degree
 Appear'd, like floating Islands in the Sea.
 There a *Beef's* Buttock sat both fat and plump,
 This Dish a Loin contain'd, and that a Rump.
 Here *Calves*, *Kids*, *Goats*, and *Lambkins* ; there a Brace
 Of fattest Royal *Bucks* obtain'd a Place :
 Here *Fishes* swam in stagnant Pools of Sawce.
Puddings came next, and *Dumplings* piping hot,
 Whose Skins were not deform'd by Flaw or Spot ;
 Nor sham'd their *Cooks* by being burnt to Pot.
Birds of all Sorts and Sizes, tame and wild,
 The next capacious Dishes aptly fill'd ;
 Some plac'd by warlike Hands in Rank and File,
 Some heap'd in curious Order form'd a sumptuous
 Pile.
Pyes next in various Figures did appear,
 Round, oval, semicircular, and square ;
 Some were triangular, and some oblong,
 Some made an Hepta ----- some an Octogon.

Some

Some were enclos'd by beaten Tin adust,
 Some by aspiring Walls of crinkled Crust.
Custards advanc'd by skilful *Houſewives* made,
 Their Brims with Architrave of Paſte o'erlaid,
 Or Cornice Quaint, moſt exquisitely wrought
 By pliant Joints, and vaſt luxuriant Thought;
 With yellow Surface grac'd immenſly Wide,
 Of Lordly *Prætors* now the annual Pride.
 Their Kindred next *Tarbellian Whitepots* plac'd,
 Lactifluous claim'd the Glory of the Feaſt;
 In faireſt Moulds of ambient Earth enſhrin'd,
 Unfathomable, as their Maker's Mind, (Kind.
 Diffuſive Fragrance breath'd, perfum'd with ſpicy
 But ſhou'd I now pretend in rhyming Mood
 To tell, how many mighty Bowls there ſtood
 With nappy *Ale* replete, delicious Mouſt,
 By Gods ordain'd, by *Britains* to be bows'd;
 Nor had I *Phæbus* Wit, wou'd that ſuffice;
 Nor even as many Tongues, as *Argus* Eyes.

With keen Diſpatch the Folk began to eat,
 To praiſe the Founder, and to bleſs the Meat.
 When lo! a grieſly Meſſenger ruſh'd in,
 His Hair erect eke on his Head and Chin:
 Of Horrors imminent Preſage! —
 Such was his Fright, that twice he Silence broke
 Abaſt, e'er that to *Tarbell* thus he ſpoke:

" The *Monsters*, whom so lately you encag'd,

" By their own wily Power are disengag'd;

" Have eat their *Gaol*, and *Gaolers* at a Meal;

" And only I escap'd to tell the Tale.

He cou'd no more; for lo! the *Canine Host*
Approach'd, driving th' *Out-Centries* from their Post,

Who cry'd to Arms! to Arms! or All is lost.

Haman and *Touni* in the Front appear'd;

And snarling horrible their Paws up rear'd

Expanded, imminent, with Blood besmear'd.

- Presumptive *Onnah* wisely led the Rear,

And march'd and look'd *Majestically* queer:

And oft (as Poets sing) he f-- for fear.

The *Dogs Auxiliary*, who fought for Pay,

A *Cubick Phalanx* form'd in thick Array;

And who their own *Cerberian* Gen'als did obey.

The first *Hight Eyn-Saur* walk'd with haughty Pace,

Stuff'd with young Horse-Flesh, and — immod'rate

Grace:

His Eye-Brows over-arch'd a fullen Gloom;

A Crown his Head adorn'd, his Claws a Broom,

He seem'd a *Monarch*, or at least a *Groom*.

The next in Power co-equal *Tim-Og-Han*,

Now an *Apostate Hound*, was once a *Man*;

Till he blasphem'd the Author of his Race;

And proud contemptuous spit in *Tarbell's* Sawce,

And clad in Dog-Skins never wash'd his Face.

The

The *Hounds* had bellow'd loud: The *Father-Cook*
 Awful up rose, and with an hostile Look
 View'd the infuriate *Coborts* undismay'd;
 And chearing thus his Mates appal'd, he said:

" This Day my Friends, by bounteous Heaven's
 ordain'd

" T'expel these *Blood-Hounds*, and to cleanse the Land.

" To Victory secure I'll pave the way;

" But ye all heedful this Behest obey:

" What was design'd your *Dinner*, be your *Arms*;

" In *Food* there's noxious Strength, and hidden Charms;

" *Puddings* will wound, when pointed *Spits* cannot;

" And *Beef* cut deeper, than an *Iron Pot*:

" Strong *Broth* will penetrate a *Coat of Mail*,

" And *Custards* break a *Bone*, when *Cottrels* fail.

" Soft *Souls* of *Geese*, *Gizzards* of warlike *Cocks*

" Will scatter Deaths more sure than *Potters Crocks*,

" Or even hurl'd by *Giants* rended *Rocks*.

" Our Grandfire *Adam* form'd for large Domain,

" Invulnerable, was exempt from Pain,

" Till by a *Golden-Pippin* he was slain.

" And later *Heroes*, who their Troops from far,

" Unhurt have led; and wide extended War

" Impenetrably arm'd; and mighty Odds

" Defeating, proudly made compare with Gods;

" Have felt at last the fatal Power of Meat,

" Destroy'd by *Weapons* which they thought to eat.

He

- He spake : And with a *Pudding* made of Bread,
 He aim'd a deadly Stroke-----
 Which cut off *Bala's* Ears, and *Tarrier's* Head.
Tarrier in War expert, by *Touni* rear'd,
 A fav'rite Cur, and Captain of his Guard.
Britains their Foes, by this Exemplar urg'd,
 Up lifting keenest Food, promiscuous charg'd
 With Jaculations dire : And now began
 The bloodiest Battle ever fought by Beast and Man.
 Nought did thick shaggy Hides the *Dogs* avail,
 This lost his Head abscinded, that his Tail,
 - This was by *Bacon* kill'd, and that by *Cale*.
 Some had their Brains dash'd out by *Sops* and *Toast*,
 Some were run thro' by *Boil'd-Meat*, some by *Roast* ;
 With *Custards* some, others with *Cakes* were slain,
 Some by *Plum-Pudding*, More were kill'd by *Plain*.
Onnab, who hid himself in Corner dark,
 Yet fearless wou'd be thought, and dar'd to bark ;
 Now felt the sharp-edg'd *Livor* of a *Fish*,
 Which lighting on his Buttocks, shear'd the cum-
 brous Flesh.
 Besmear'd with Excrement, his noisome Soul,
 Diffusing poy'snous Stench, gush'd from the widen'd
 Hole.

Touni, enrag'd to see the Blood and Wounds,
 Th' ensanguin'd Floor be-dropt with slaughter'd
 Hounds ;

Out of his middle Mouth spit globous Fire,
 Which quick, as subtle Lightning, tin'd the Air,
 And burnt Cook *Tarbell's* Frock, and sing'd his Hair:
 Wrought in the Guests Dismay, and pungent Smarts,
 Scorching their Noses, Shins, and Privy Parts
 Kettles, and Spits, and Pans consum'd to Coals,
 And (hideous Ruin!) liquify'd the Bowls,
 Melted the Tables, Dressers, and Joint-Stools.
 Such are the Flames which *Ætna's* Neighbours
 dread,
 Such the Destruction which the sulph'rous Torrents
 spread.

When the *Great Cook*, born for his Country's Good,
 Thirsting for greater Fame, and *Touni's* Blood,
 A massy bearded Puff-paste Splinter Cast,
 (Such toothless *Britains* eat to break their Fast)
 Which torn from mural Breach of *Mutton-Pye*,
 And aim'd aright, transfix'd the Monster's Eye,
 Distain'd with putrid Gore he yelping fell,
 And sunk for Refuge to his Native Hell.

Thus since, when *Pha'ton* vainly did aspire
 To guide the Day, and personate his Sire,
 He scar'd the Gods, and set the Globes on Fire,
 But *Jove* the vengeful Thunder timely hurl'd,
 Destroy'd th' ambitious Fool, and sav'd the World.

Nor long surviv'd the Flames, the Monster gone :
 For an experienc'd Sage of great Renown,
 Ycleped *Par*, in Cauldron deep immerg'd,
 With liquid Arms his Mouth distending charg'd ;
 From which (thus Godlike was express'd his Wrath!)
 He skilful spouted *Cataracts* of *Broth*,
 These quench'd the Fire, expell'd the poy's'nous
 Heat,
 Tempestuous shook the *Culinarian* Seat ;
 Forc'd the stout *Mercenary Hounds* recoil,
 And, thus oppress'd, relax each Serried File.
 Follow'd foul Rout : Brigad on Brigad roll'd,
 And overwhelm'd with Ruin, prostrate howl'd.
 'Twas thus were slain *Bog, Gog, Ban, Byn*, and *Bell*,
 And more---- whose Names I don't vouchsafe to tell,
 Ignobler *Hounds*, and meanest Slaves of Hell.
 Imperuous thus descend those mighty Seas,
 Which Western Suns exhale, or Whirlwinds raise ;
 While Sailors strive in vain to break the Blow,
 Which sinks their rended Vessels to th' Abyss below.

Surpriz'd with Sense of Pain, and sudden Fright,
Eyn-Sæur their Chief, precipitating Flight,
 High over leap'd th' incircling earthen Mound,
 And, deep ingulft, was in a *White-Pot* drown'd.
 Of Fight infatiate *Tim-Og-Han* withstood
 The Juice destructive, and the sharpest Food :

But

But while th' intrepid *Dog* regardless fought,
 And the *Great Cook* to kill, or conquer thought ;
 Of *Yarbell's* Household, Twelve exalted Swains
 Behind him stept, and snatch'd away his Brains,
 Then hung him on a Beam in *Sausage Chains*.

Yet *Haman* still oppos'd, and urg'd the War
 Obdurate, *Hope conceiving from Despair* ;
 Till *Yarbell* animated by Success,
 And resolute to fix a lasting Peace,
 And cause his Mates from bloody Toils surcease,
 Brandish'd a *Dumplin* of enormous Weight,
 For sickly Appetites design'd a *Whet* ;
 (So vast, that scarce twelve Men of modern Days,
 Degenerate, the unweildy Mass could raise :)
 Which with a more than human Force he cast,
 And cut the Monster shear down cloven to the
 Waste ;
 His Soul indignant rushing from his Nose,
 Mixt with the fragrant Steam, which from the
 Stoves arose.